



THE GATEWAY

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE STUDENTS' UNION OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

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FOUR PAGES

Single Abner Crashes Sadie Hawkins Edition

Teapot On Rocks, Dramatic Society Not; House Stands Still We Hope; Thespians On Move

Don't Pay Any Attention to This Write-up

THIS IS REVERSAL WEEK

It Really is Good

All intimations point to the fact that this year's Dramatic productions will create a record low, perhaps even hitting rock bottom in the matter of entertainment. The directors have surpassed their predecessors by choosing plays, as in former years, with an eye to their own enjoyment and comfort rather than that of the bench warmers.

The baby class, true to their juvenile tendencies, are gingerly wading out into the deep waters, clutching one another with a Thespian hold, and the latest unconfirmed reports are that "even The Teapot is on the Rocks."

Martin Gish (he disclaims any relationship to Lillian) is in command of the youngsters' first dramatic venture. When interviewed, he expressed himself as highly elated over the lack of progress so far.

The family skeleton in the closet is being dragged out by the Sophs and will be displayed to the rude gaze of the world. The cast has been frantically struggling against great odds to have all the bare facts of "The Family Album" assembled with the idea of being approximately ready for the fatal night. "Tis rumored that Teddy Simburg has already made arrangements to skip the campus that night in order to escape any "undue praise."

As for the Junior Thespians, they have already beaten up on their director, John Aitken. The latest bedside bulletin by the doctors in the University Hospital is that he is progressing as favorably as the nurses will let him. The inmates of The House of Jute are brewing more kickapoo joy juice—so the audience had better beware.

"If the House Still Stands" after the Seniors finish with it, it will indeed be a surprise to Director Olive Duff, as well as to the playgoers of Con Hall.

All four classes will be competing for the shield awarded to the group presenting the Worst performance. If the headway made so far is any hint as to who will be forced to accept the coveted spoils, it will surely be a task for the judges to select the victor. Recognition will also go to the individual male and female actors turning in the worst exhibition.

Li'l Abners Gain Popularity Bids For Class Posts

Despite the fact that Sadie Hawkins is wearing the pants this week, the Li'l Abners of the University of Alberta captured the majority of the nominations for Thursday's elections. Sadie, however, is out to defend her rights, and will contest the election to the bitter end.

SENIOR CLASS
President: W. A. Howard, William Prowse.
Vice-President: P. J. Woodruff, Margaret MacLean, Florence Brent, Barbara Peddesen.
Secretary-Treasurer: Robert E. Pow, Allan Porter.
Executive: Max D. Stewart, Robert Walford, Rex McMeekin, Herb Wilson, William McPhail, Margaret (Peggy) O'Meara, Jack Staples, Matt Davis.

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Vice-President: Secord Jackson, Ruth Rostrup.
Secretary-Treasurer: Doug McDaniel, Stuart Purvis.
Executive: Elio D'Appolonia, Norman Grant, Frank Foxdee, Sheila Mayhurst, John O'Connor, Stanley Edwards, Mary Barbara Mason, J. T. Burger.

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Vice-President: Margaret J. Ferguson, Marion Lockerbie.
Secretary-Treasurer: D. R. McGill, Louis Beauchamp, Percy Boulton.
Executive: G. C. Yavis, J. L. Simpson, B. J. Anderson, R. C. Schrader, Paul Matize, J. E. Flavin, Ken M. Gordon, William French, L. Ian Younger, Jack Park, Terry Oldford, Jim Bonthron.

FRINGE CLASS
President: Lloyd C. Grisdale, Bruce F. Wilson.
Vice-President: Margaret J. Ferguson, Marion Lockerbie.
Secretary-Treasurer: D. R. McGill, Louis Beauchamp, Percy Boulton.
Executive: G. C. Yavis, J. L. Simpson, B. J. Anderson, R. C. Schrader, Paul Matize, J. E. Flavin, Ken M. Gordon, William French, L. Ian Younger, Jack Park, Terry Oldford, Jim Bonthron.

NOTICE
BRING PENNIES, BRING DIMES, BRING NICKELS, BRING CHANGE—ON THURSDAY NIGHT AT THE MASONIC.

NOTICE
Max Stewart announced on Tuesday that the Telephone Directory would be out on Thursday to help Sadie with her dating.

Week in Review

Gosh, folks! It's here—that week of weeks, when the gals on the campus can show the fellas just how this business of dating should be done. Of course, if it hadn't come sandwiched between the Wauneta and the first of the month, we might have done things up more elaborately. But heck, girls are naturally allergic to taxis, even though they try to repress this sentiment on such times as formals, shows, and well, practically any other occasion.

That reminds us of the travelling salesman who went to register at a rural hotel. Due to overcrowded conditions, the man at the desk told him that he would have to share a room with one of the regular patrons, a General. The travelling salesman agreed to this, and requested that he be wakened at 6 a.m. as he had to catch the early train. The next morning the clerk did as he (we just got turned down by a Li'l Abner—the first one we asked, too—how discouraging!) was told. As the gentleman in question got on the elevator, the elevator boys said, "Good morning, General Principal." The clerk at the desk bade him a cheery "Good morning, General." A "Good morning, General," greeted him as he climbed into the waiting taxi. On reaching the station, completely mystified, he looked into a mirror and cried, Good Heavens! They woke the wrong man!

From all reports, plans have hit an all-time high for a gala week. Fred Pritchard is in charge of the arrangements for the stage show at the party in the Garneau Theatre on Tuesday night. The whole thing is being kept a deep, dark secret, but we heard from someone, who knows someone, who knows someone, who is definitely in the know, that it all centres around the mythical village of Dogpatch, Kentucky.

The social splash at St. Steve's on Tuesday is off; whether this is definite or indefinite is not known as yet. Just think of having to miss the charm and dignity of a tea, served and poured by the lads in Steve's. Curses on Fate and the other factors involved.

On Thursday there's to be a real hoe-down at the Masonic Temple. This might be termed, "After the Thin Man," as admission is two cents for every inch of the boys' waists. Can you imagine the puny, under-nourished specimens of manhood that will be in attendance! We hope, however, that they'll be able to hold up under the strain and tension of the numerous square dances and circle two-steps.

Another dance in perhaps a more formal (?) vein is the house dance to be held on Saturday. There ought to be great do's then and there, so smile your sweetest, boys, at all the lassies. Who knows, it might get you a date.

Well, that about winds up the formal dates, but there are several other bowling, roller-skating and, of course, inevitable Tuck dates.

Book Exchange Holds Receipts

The pay-off of book exchange has continued throughout the past week, and most of the money has been collected. Receipts may still be presented for cash at the S.C.M. office, Arts 152. Receipts bearing the following numbers have not yet been turned in: 40, 41, 72, 110, 118, 143, 157, 188, 214, 231, 232, 244, 264, 267, 269, 316. Holders of these receipts can convert them into cash until October 31, when the Book Exchange closes for the year.

There is also a quantity of unsold books still remaining in the exchange. These may be claimed by their owners on presentation of receipts at Arts 152.

Lassified Ads

Expert Dogpatch wooer with car. Specialty: Lesson Six. Al Johnson, at 31155 or 22276.

I paid for this with many a curse; Oh, pretty co-ed, please reimburse. A show or a coke would really be fine. Just phone for Jim at 27619.

Phone Athabaska at 31498. Dancing, roller skating and coke drinking done with the greatest of finesse.

Wanted: An Earthquake Magoon who will fit one rocker (with good springs), one blue cap with tassels, and one six 12 pair of slippers (not too chewed by the pup). Please apply quickly to Tabatha O'Priss, Gateway Office.

THE GATEWAY DOG HOUSE

Every co-ed is a-chasin' and so a-chasin' are The Gateway Sadie Hawkins. They're chasin' Leslie Wedman out of his usual domain, 151, and into his temporary domain, the Literary Doghouse. For one edition at least the feds on the undergraduate newspaper have taken over, and Les has been excommunicated.

CASSEROLE

IF YER KNOWS OF A BETTER 'OLE GO TO IT

Dedication for the Casserole Column
Knowing the effort it costs you boys to turn to page two for Casserole, and always willing to oblige, Sadie Hawkins reverently and respectfully dedicates this portion of The Gateway to "The masculine element, no matter how insignificant."

They had been sitting on the swing in the moonlight alone. No word broke the stillness for half-an-hour until—
"Suppose you had money," she said, "what would you do?"
He threw out his chest in all the glory of young manhood: "I'd travel."
He felt her warm hand slip into his. When he looked up she was gone, and in his hand was a nickel.

Seen under a dentist's grave:
View this grave with gravity,
He's filling his last cavity.
Mary had a little swing,
It wasn't hard to find,
And everywhere that Mary went
That swing was just behind.

Rastus (after being reprimanded by the judge for deserting his wife): "Judge, if yo' knowed dat woman like ah does, yo' wouldn't call me no deserter. Ah's a refugee."

This could happen to any Freshman anywhere. A young Freshman, green as grass, was dancing with one of the patronesses at his first campus dance.

"Sure, I like Varsity all right," he said in reply to her question. "All except Professor Bush. He's a . . . sort of a guy."
She looked at him in amazement, then asked: "Do you know who I am? I'm Mrs. Bush."
He gasped, then queried: "Do you know who I am?"
"No," she said.
"Thank Heaven for that!" said he, and left quickly.

In a small village in Ireland the mother of a soldier met the village priest. Tears streamed down her cheeks, and he asked her what was the matter.
"Faith, yer Riverince," she said, "Pat has been killed."
"Oh, I'm sorry," said he. "Did you receive word from the War Office?"
"Indeed Oi didn't. I got word straight from him."
The priest looked puzzled.

"I got a letter that said 'Dear mother, I'm in the Holy Land and it's damned hot here'."

She fell upon the icy street,
And a man who watches her whirls,
Said, "There you'll have to be, my dear,
I never pick up girls."

Printer's Error: In olden times the parents arranged the marriage and the bride never saw the groom until the wedding.

Express Masculine Opinion On Current Manhunt; Betrays Weaknesses Scared Brethern

"Catch Him During His Weak Moments," Says Scribe

HANDCUFFS ELIGIBLE

Brute Force an Advantage

Believing that you girls would appreciate the male point of view on how to secure a man for Sadie Hawkins' Week (and possibly after), I have drawn from my own modest number of experiences at being snared, and am going to lay this knowledge out for you to use.

Having selected your victim from the various males adorning or desecrating the campus, as the case may be, you must approach him off guard. Choose some time when he least suspects attack. Such as when he is going for a lab in Room 50.

This time is exceptionally good because these labs are usually held after a "night before" and resistance is weak. Single him out from the crowd accompanying him. By riding herd you can usually get him backed into a corner. Once you have him thus corralled, you can reduce what is left of his resistance to zero by shouting "Schlatzgun-nousness" into his left ear three times. By this time he will be on his knees begging for mercy.

Now is the time for a coup d'etat. Show him that you have no hard feelings about the matter by forgiving him for his rudeness. This puts him in a quandary. Make sure there are no weapons handy with which he might commit suicide. Raising him to his feet you can ask him to the Tuck for a coke. When he is seated at a table remote from all exits and avidly gulping his drink, you can relax for a while. He would not dream of doing anything drastic in such a public place. He will try to pass the whole thing off as a joke, as though he were really enjoying it. If he is a true man he will almost succeed in this and thereby earn the applause of similarly situated young men sprinkled about the premises.

The next step is to distract his attention so that you can slip some scombophaline into his drink. This will reduce him to a state of inane tractability. Of course, you must expect his remarks, under the influence of this truth serum, to be painfully candid. To guard against any inherent weakness concerning this type of conversation you would do well to fortify yourself with a drink of straight Scotch. This can be accomplished quite simply by getting down on your hands and knees and crawling under the table. Make sure you come back up before he has a chance to get away.

His self-esteem completely shattered by now you can suggest, cautiously at first, a date for that night. He may rally here, but this can be overcome by tapping him lightly over the left ear with a sash weight carried for the purpose. Care should be taken not to strike too hard, thus incapacitating him for any further congenial social activity.

Having condescended to letting him go to a movie with you—on you—it would be best to leave him now to recuperate as best he may, for the evening.

Secure in the knowledge that he is too weak to escape, you can go home and prepare for the show. The equipment for the evening should consist of a small crowbar, a pair of handcuffs and an atomizer full of ammonia. Some girls even supply themselves with a sixteen-foot bull whip, but I believe this is a bit too obvious, and besides it is an awkward thing to put in a purse. Thus armed, you set out for the swain's home.

Upon your arrival you proceed at once to procure his father's car for the evening. This is accomplished by the simple expedient of striking dear father over the head with the crowbar and taking the keys from his pocket. The crowbar may be easily disposed of by tossing it through the closed front room window. Next handcuff the light of your life to the steel belt you are wearing about your waist. To hide this move you squirt the ammonia in his eyes. If you carry these things off with a certain nonchalance you should be able to detect the first glimmerings of love in his glances.

When you get to the show you will have to handcuff him to a lamp-post while you buy the tickets. If he balks at entering the theatre you will probably have to drag him in with one of the skid chains from his father's car. This should provide no difficulty. Dispose of the chain by handing it to the doorman. He will understand and send the object to the Department of Munitions. When you get inside make sure that you get his seat behind a pillar. This is to prevent him from becoming too absorbed in the picture and ignoring you. If he is not inclined to hold hands, the best thing to do is to borrow a belt from the man sitting

Katusha Korresponds

Caterwaula, Oct. 28, 1940.

Dear Katrinka:

Did you hear about the huge crowd that was trapped in at the House Dance on Saturday nite? Smiles of content, extent, repent, assent and any others that you can think up for yourself, wreathed the puss's of the Mousers as they skipped to the squeaks of the Varsity Mousicians.

What a nite! I am really loathe, my dear, to get a little catty about the whole affair, but such things as went on. Why, at one point in the proceedings Tom Cat Dixon had to order everyone off the floor because of what some of the dames were wearing, and the men there without garters, and things and stuff. And one couple was caught on the spot, right in front of everyone. They got what was coming to them—a prize.

They brought in six of our starving country cousins, who, after they had gotten down on their haunches and begged for a hand-out, were given six pies. These were devoured right in the sight of all assembled. I even saw them take a picture of one of the pie-faces.

You should of been there to see the Sadies eyeing such handsome members of our Dogpatch society as Abner Mouseevitch, Abner New-Cannel and Little Abner Purrt-vis.

Well, I mouse stop now. If there are any cheezy little hits you want to know, be sure and ask me, Kit-ten, in your next Categorical Imperitif.

Felinely yours,
KATUSHA.

Flash!

Bargains at Twice the Price

Due to the present national crisis, the following gentlemen will be free for one week to greet Sadie Hawkins with wide open arms:

Nick Chamberlain	Room 121
Norman Lundy	Room 107
Ralph Weir	Room 123
Harry Jensen	Room 122
Stan Reiten	Room 145

Date early and avoid the rush.

two rows down from you, and with it ties his hands to yours. After the show you can get rid of it by wrapping it around the neck of the woman in front of you.

After the show you will, of course, take your male friend for something to eat. Nothing elaborate is required. During your snack you can amuse him by throwing your coffee grounds at the waitress. This activity will probably prove popular with other young ladies in the restaurant, and the waitress will be saved the trouble of having a mud pack that night.

We have now arrived at the most important part of the evening. You will understand when I say that this will be entirely up to you, since I do not know just how you are inclined. I will give you one pointer and that is: use your handcuffs to fasten his feet to some convenient projection in the car.

Satisfied with the evening you can now take him home. By this time you should know whether you want to dispose of him or allow the affair to reach its natural conclusion. If the latter is your intention all should be well. If, on the other hand, you want the matter to stop there, you can get rid of your man by tying him in the coal cellar with a piece of his mother's clothesline and then ordering a rush order of coal. The next day you will receive a note of thanks from his parents, and you can start looking for a new boy friend.

J. S. W.

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TELEPHONE 31155

Editor-in-Chief MARY BARBARA MASON
Business Manager ALICE M. JOHNSON

Tuesday Edition

News Editor Isobel Dean
Features Editor Second Jackson
Women's Editor Queena Wershof
Sports Editor Jean Hill

Business Staff

Circulation Manager Gordonie Holgate and Friend
Advertising Solicitors: Stansadie Cameron, Williamina Martin.
Reporters: Jean Ball, Caudia Barker, Marilyn Diamond, Pat Brown, Ruth Rostrop, Betty Johnston.

TRUE autonomy has been reached and woman is now man's equal, or even superior. Since time immemorial woman has been fighting for her rights in all walks of life. It all started back in the early age when woman demanded her right to talk, and from that time she ceased to fit in with the old adage, "beautiful but dumb." From the time woman gained the right to speak without being spoken to, other abuses were quickly overcome. Since Jenny Geddes threw the stool at the cardinal in Scotland at the time of the Reformation, woman has progressed until today she wears the pants armed with the proverbial rolling pin. She gained the right to education equal to the men's together with the right to hold positions and vote. Onward and upward go the Female Sex. They are doctors, lawyers, dentists, financiers, even lumberjacks. Now woman has entered man's newspaper world, and temporarily at least she has displaced man on The Gateway.

The first jolt The Gateway staff has received in five years struck in this austere body's midst this week with the announcement that Editor-in-Chief Leslie Wedman has been put in the Doghouse, temporarily at least. Although we agree that the method of replacement was, to say the least, irregular, we cannot help thinking that there must have been some cause. Perhaps now the student body will receive bigger and better Casserole columns and more gossip without the frightful intellectual writings that usually adorn The Gateway's four pages.

Editor-in-Chief Wedman's successor, Sadie Hawkins, is a person of peculiar qualities. Her resourcefulness, originality and unusualness should, we feel certain, make a hit with Gateway readers.

DEMOCRACY, the mainstay of the Americas, is clearly to be seen this week in Varsity affairs. Where else in this war-torn world would you find the masculine element allowed to form a ministry of feminine affairs. Perhaps the point is not where else

would this be allowed, but where else would they ever think of such a screwy idea. But these are the facts—St. Stephen's College elects Clow to Minister Feminine Affairs. New portfolios created to aid in the conduction of Sadie Hawkins.

Already man, feeling his rights being invaded by woman, has organized against the demoralizing and degrading influence of feminine charms. Bill Clow, a graduate in Woo 42 and post-graduate in No More Dates or How to Leave Women Alone and Like It, won the election from Gordy Phylbus and Gerald Lorne. What we girls want to know is how did he get in? Which brings us to the question of: "Are elections crooked or shall we ever vote again?"

Combined with the same problem of men's rights and what are they? is the question of guilt of one Mrs. Bosomworth matron of the college. Already the judges of the Hawkins court are sitting trying to decide whether the above-mentioned lady is guilty or not guilty of betraying her sex. Man should be forced to learn the varying technique of what to do when taken home, what to wear on each occasion and the like for himself without the assistance of any femmes. The Court is still!

No editorial column would be complete without some discussion of foreign affairs. Hitler and his dirty shirts still continue to stick out their necks. What is going to happen next?

Did you know that there is one person in England who doesn't know that Britain is at war? She is a hundred years old, and her family fears she could not stand the shock at the close of her life. Too bad so many people know that Europe is at war. We suggest a lapse of memory for Mr. Hitler.

This being the first and probably the last time we will be writing a Gateway editorial (you hope), we would like to add some of our campus hates. Breaths there a man with soul so dead who never to himself has said, "Gosh, I wish Con Hall's seats weren't so hard." The man that designed those seats must have been a Puritan or else—well, something we do know is that his backbone didn't need any straightening.

Another of our pet dislikes is the Arts Rotunda fountain. When we want hot water we want hot water, and when we want cold water it must be cold. But who is there that wants warm water anytime. It is adding insult to injury to rush madly from class after Friday lunch (fish, you know) to find cold water hot and coming forth in a tiny trickle. The Class of '32 would be eternally remembered on this campus if only they would remedy these faults.

EDITORIAL SQUIBS

Speaking of women and their rights: When even a man realizes man's shortcomings and broadcasts them, they must be universal. Take for example Deems Taylor, commentator on the Sunday afternoon Philharmonic concerts, quote: "Any time man starts to say 'the trouble with women is' you can safely ignore it because he doesn't know what he is talking about."

Sadie Hawkins says: "Some of the Co-eds may not be able to add, but they can certainly distract."

One cynical Li'l Abner was overheard to remark: "There are only two kinds of girls on the campus—those you wish would take you out and those that have."

A certain Sadie Hawkins pulled a boner on the first day of Sadie Hawkins' Week. Given the chance to ask a handsome Li'l Abner to a coke she forgot that she was doing the asking, and he finally broke down and purchased one for her. This out-does the absent-minded professor story, eh, what?

The Way to a Man's Heart

Dear Girls:

Sadie Hawkins' Week is here again! From my long experience, observation and what have you, I have finally come to the conclusion that the only way to catch a man is to make him warm and comfy and to feed him well. And so I am bequeathing to you some of my famous recipes. Use them well—and good-luck to you.

Lovingly,
MRS. HAWKINS.

To Knit a Ten-foot Sock (knitting to it):

1. Start knitting; 2, knit two and two together; 3, drop one, there are now three left; therefore, 4, slip one, slip one, knit to and fro; 5, heel and toe, before and behind hop, well may the heel row; 6, knit one, knit two, forget one, knit two, pick up one, drop it, undrop it, darn it where the heel is; 7, to turn the heel, cast off two plain, cast them on again. Now is the critical moment. Look carefully about you. It's no good casting off purl before swine. If all is well, cast off one purl. Look again. Cast off purl rapidly in both directions. 8, Breathe again; 9, after this it is all plain knitting, so drip one, drop one, drop the sock; the sock is now gray, therefore continue knitting gray sock for 18 more rounds; 10, finish off with buttons at toe or heel and buttonholes to correspond (if possible). N.B.—There should be holes at the top or elsewhere for inserting ribbons, feet, etc. If there aren't any, it is not a sock at all, but a

ten-foot cold comforter (not bad, but better luck next time!)

For use gals hoo wood lyke to kontinue this interesting pastime we have sum excellent exersyses in nitting. To whitt: a dust sheet for a ham sandwich. A body belt for a cobra. A pullover for a Dromedary. A shawl-coatee for a winter turnip. And last, but far from least, a golf ensemble for an octopus, which may also be used as a Bagpipe Cosy.

To obtain the above patterns simply send in 10 dates and 5 mail fone numbers. We will be pleased to remit.

To catch your Abner, Sadies, you should not only know how to knit, but also to cook. After all, the way to a man's heart is his stomach, so they say. So we are presenting some recipes which are guaranteed to fix things, one way or another—mostly another. The first is Banana Surprise:

Take one sweet, black, over-ripe banana; make a slit in the outer tubing; cut out the banana, stuff with cotton wool, sow up tightly and serve scar downwards.

This next one, Treacle Pullover, really hits the spot, or don't you think?

Take a handful of unsweetened black treacle; inflate to 99% over an open flame; add 222 tblepsnls or 1/2 chstfrsl of bwix; pullit about an hour or two on a strong string; if still at a loose end, pull it right over your head from behind, and serve you right.

When you want to make a peculiar

effect on the one and only, we suggest serving this Date Pudding. You'll make the effect—and how!

Take two home-made figs; drop them on the floor probably; take two fresh home-made figs; hold on tight; now take a conservatively edited hard-boiled newspaper and cut out the date; sprinkle with favor of Prox or Ultimo and add figs to date. Thanking you in anticipation. Yours through a straw darkly.

Just before popping the question, serve him Tangerine Four De Force. This will really put him in a receptive mood:

Order a crate of tangerines; make a hole in crate; swallow hole.

Brown Paper Dainties: Take two thick ripe brown paper parcels; bang them together until exhausted; ring up old friend and ask to lunch. And don't say we didn't say we told you so.

Sunday when recuperating from your strenuous activities we suggest New Leaf Turnover:

Take a new leaf (tea, tea rose or tea cabbage, to taste); turn it over meditatively in the mind's eye; close the eye, definitely till . . .

She said he said I said I love her. I said what he said was too far above her.

Am thinking that to love is grand, Especially when she holds my hand; But when it is rough like sand, That's something even I can't stand.

"Coming home last night from Jim's party. I'd very nearly reached our house when some clumsy idiot trod on it."

CORRESPONDENCE

Dear Chief Sadies:

I hear you are putting out the paper this week, so may I take the opportunity to tell you to quit phoning me. I am trying to study for my November tests.

Yours in anticipation,
Ezekial H. Wallflower.

Telegram

Editor, The Gateway,
University of Alberta,
Somewhere in Edmonton.
Please stop stop soon stop stop.

Li'l Abner's Big Brother.

Dear Editor:

I used to work for a newspaper and I know all about it, and I know some real good fillers if you should need any, which you probably will, even if you think you won't, and so if you need me at all I will be glad to offer my services to you.

Ebenezer Goodstuff.

P.S.—The paper I worked for was the Hometown Gazette, and I delivered them in the flats, so you can see for yourself the experience I have had, but I would only expect a very small remuneration.—Ebe.

Dear Editor:

Unspontingly you have a damynic staff of parsimodious illicite reporters whom you err in imaging as being highly receptive. Let me act as your inferment and direct your pretention to just how far laxing you are in this consumption. Your men are not as deplorable as you are apt to think. They are nearly a lecherous menage of woe-begging reproducers.

Yours faithfully,
Mr. H. N. Gigg, esquire.

Lassified Ads!

See the famous Rogue's Gallery in Steve's Rotunda.
"The true security is to be found in social solidarity rather than in isolated individual effort." (Fyodor Dostoyevsky.)

Sadies, take a Pow.
Feeling forlorn? Try Norm—Room 75.

Ask for Susie. He's no floosie.
Sargent's Super Sadie Service—58.

Let me be a CLOWd on your date—74.

Want some Scotch? See A. Macdonald.

A Keith with every date—Room 22.

Whether you're clean or whether you're dirty, try Rooms 29 or 30.

My resistance is LOW.

Dates galore at Room 24.

For Sale—One heart, curly hair, good time—the Rajah. Room 26.

Rest? under the shade of the old Cypress tree—Room 99.

P.S.—If you want some fun, try Ron—51.

You, too, can be a GIBSON girl.

(y)East will rise to every occasion 51.

There's a bull in Room D—Angus.

Remember! We have a Ladie's Aid.

Sadies, don't forget to Robson the cradle: Senior Law Library or Students' Union Office.

Swap: Will swap a 1936 Chev Sedan and man for any Sadie Hawkins' bid. Apply Bob Christensen, 82004.

Swap: One Editor-in-Chief for any feminine thief. Les Wedman, 31155.

CHUCK all other's wiles.
Phone me—Mister Giles. —72621.

If you want a real date, Phone Ed. You can't LEWIS 33904.

I'm milk-fed, so I can take it.—Bill Howard, 33713.

I'm initiated, I just HADDADate: Please give me another one, do. 33513.

B.C. Co-Eds Unite
Red Cross Work

VANCOUVER, Oct. 28 (C.U.P.—U.B.C. co-eds attended en masse today an organization meeting of the Women's Undergraduate Society (W.U.S.) to draw up a tentative program for Red Cross and women's work on the campus. Headed by Dr. Joyce Hallamore and a committee consisting of Dorothy Hird, W.U.S. president, Nancy Carr and Gertrude Moore, the girls intend to provide socks, sweaters and smiles for soldiers and refugees.

For the present two rooms in the Brook Hall, Student Union Building constructed last year, will be available two hours daily. It is expected, however, that once the program is fully organized that the rooms will be available all day, six days a week.



Straight from the Corn Belt, Sadie has come to help Mortimer Snerd fill his column this week. Here's a survey of your favorite Aggies: Saturday saw a set-back for our Aggie team. Our men—Jack Jackson, Bevins, Lubert, Holmes, Timmons, Goldberg, Lampitt, Millar, Gainer, Webb, McNaughton, Stelfox, Christie, Wilson, McKinley, Hansen, Manning, and others—did their best, but we wonder whether the absence of Jorgens caused them to lose at the last moment.

Too bad Stewart doesn't join the Navy to get past Fourth with Fifth.

We wonder if the "Longitudinal Miller" should be called "Horizontal" instead, because of his happy faculty of being able to snooze through lectures.

Could be Aggettes need supervision while car-washing.

What was lost in front of the Capitol Theatre one night last week by one of our seniors, or was that the reason for the hands and knees posture?

Last week saw one of our "post-grads" lamenting over the fate of a part-class mate, the latter having taken final steps to matrimony. Is he worried about Sadie Hawkins' Week, or is the noose already tightening for him?

Why was that 1936 Chev parked down at 103rd Ave. and 96th Street at 3 a.m. one night last week?

Any resemblance to persons or places in the above column is purely detrimental.

Agriculturally yours,
MORT AN' SADIE.

P.S.—We regret that there are so few gals in Ag., but we'll try to spread ourselves around. If we miss you now, we'll try and catch you on Valentine's Day.—M. and S.

SADIE

HAWKINS

RECIPES!

Sample Sadie Sandwich:

Take two slices of bread,
Cut thick.
Spread them with butter
Quite thick.
Promise it firstly
To Dick.
And then to Jack
Real quick.
And then make a
Replie.

Sample Sadie Sandwich:

Take two slices of bread,
Cut thin.
Splatter some butter
On chin.
Splatter some flour
From bin.
Serve very hot,
You'll win.

Sample Sadie Sauerkraut:

Take a fresh cabbage,
Cut fine.
Cut another cabbage
Like mine.
Take fresh vinegar
From vine.
Break the bowl,
Count nine.

Sample Sadie Sinkers:

Take some flour,
Add bread.
Say a prayer,
Then spread.
Say letters from A
To Zed.
Dunk in coffee,
Till red.

Sample Sadie Sausage:

Kill a pig,
Till dead.
Now, remove
The head.
Then retire
To bed.
In morning . . .
'Nough said.

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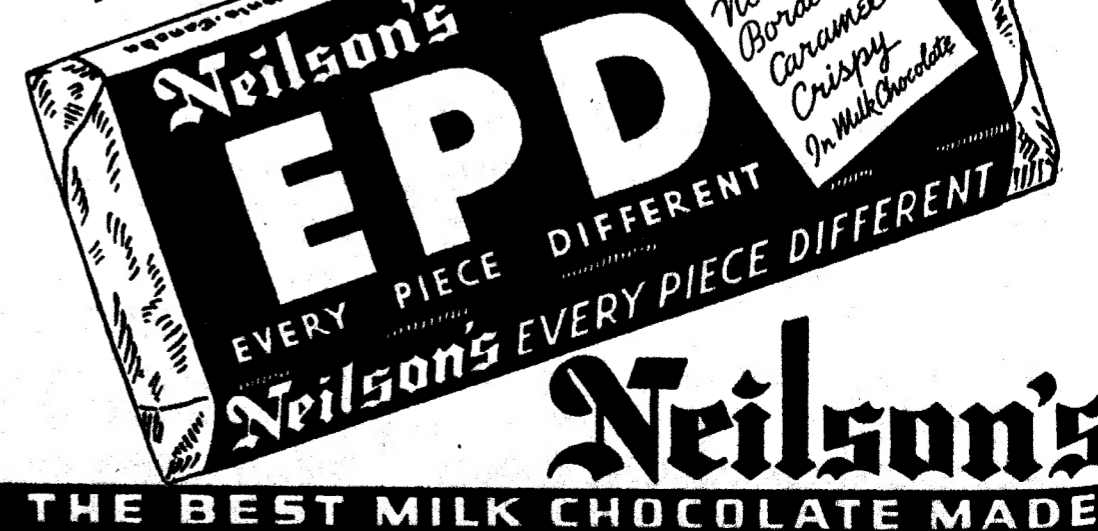
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*"And no two ways
about that, either."*

Know all Dogpatch men what ain't married by these presents, and specially Li'l Abner Yokum:

Whereas there be inside our town limits a passel of gals what ain't married but craves something awful to be, and

Whereas these gals' pappies and mammys has been shouldering the burden of their board and keep for more years then is tolerable, and

Whereas there be in Dogpatch plenty of young men what could marry these gals but acts ornery and won't, and

Whereas we deems matrimony's joys and being sure of eating regular the birthright of our fair Dogpatch womanhood,

We hereby proclaims and decrees, by right of the power and majesty vested in us
as Mayor of Dogpatch,

Whereon a foot-race will be held, the unmarried gals to chase the unmarried men and if they ketch them, the men by law must marry the gals and no two ways about it, and this decree is

By authority of the law and the statute laid down by our revered first Mayor of Dogpatch, Hezekiah Hawkins, who had to make it to get his own daughter Sadie off his hands, she being the homeliest gal in all these hills and no two ways about that either.

Given under our hand and seal, this, the third day of October, 1940, in the town of Dogpatch, in the State of Kentucky.

Promethens J. Gungle
MAYOR OF DOGPATCH

Post Scriptum: In case any of you all doubts this is official, we shows you here the historical facts appertaining to Sadie Hawkins Day:



Second Sadie Hawkins Week Hits Full Stride

Coeds Clamor Dogpatch Dig; Waistlines to Get Going Over

It's Thursday P.M., Thursday Night, Thursday

LAMBERTSON LAMBASTES LYRICS

At a meeting of the Dance Committee of the Co-ed War Club re the Dogpatch Dig at the Masonic Temple next Thursday even at eight o'clock, the girls did not agree as they usually do (comma) but they made a few compromises and the results were truly amazing (period) there are to be at least seven novelty dances including a Skunk Holler Stomp and a Turnip somethingorother and it has not yet been decided where the money for prizes is to come from but it is sincerely hoped by

all and sundry that the paters will come through with a little lucre (pappas please note) (period) everyone who attends this corn hobble is requested by the management to bring the correct change to pay the two cents per inch of their man's waistline as the said committee has not enough money to get any change out of the bank so that you will have to supply your own if you have any and if you haven't you will have to go and get it I guess (period) surprises about which I am not going to tell you as then they would not be surprises (applied psychology) are in store for those who come (comma) and to tell you the truth they will still be in the store after you have gone unless someone gives us some money (period) but you can go down and look at them and imagine what you might have gotten if you had been lucky and if we had had enough money to give them to you (whew comma period)

(new paragraph) well well here we are again and what I am going to say now I want taken in all seriousness as it is very important to members of aforementioned committee as they would be very embarrassed if you did not take it seriously and that is why I want you to note that every one on the committee is going to wear old clothes because they have not got any others and these clothes are to be along the line of the Parisian hill-billy style and the most important thing to note is that this repeated committee will be (comma) as aforesaid (another comma) very embarrassed if you too do not wear them I mean old hill-billy Parisian clothes (period and end of paragraph)

Unlike most news stories we have omitted the most important item in the whole of this little epic (comma) that is the great (comma) wonderful (second comma) marvellous (third comma) stupendous (breather comma) bewildering (fifth comma) admirable (you count them comma) popular (comma) awe inspiring (comma) miraculous (rest) dumbfounding (inhale) over (dash) whelming (exhale) indescribable (as you have probably guessed by now) orchestra at the U. of A. and in Edmonton, Alberta, Canada, or anywhere else. What we mean is that CHET is going to play for us on Thursday night at the Dogpatch Dig in the Masonic Temple at eight o'clock sharp till twelve o'clock not so sharp (period end of paragraph end of story) (exclamation mark)

HERE'S HOW IT ALL STARTED!



To You Sweetheart!

Stranger, if you passing, meet me
And desire to speak to me,
Why should you not speak to me?
And why should I not speak to you?

Walt Whitman's poem has appeared to many in the past, but Sadie should find it particularly attractive this week. After all, why not? "... now there is that nice chap with the curly hair in my chem. lab., and mmm, why not the interesting looking man who sat across from me in the library yesterday? Or if I again run across him, perhaps I'll ask to Tuck the good-looking fellow I have noticed in the rotunda—I'd better make sure if he is a prof, though." Perhaps Sadie is feeling a little bored over all mankind, and has no desire to speak to any one. Why not, then, accost the fifth man after the one who was wearing the orange tie? Or the third one who has blue eyes after the first one who is wearing the black and green socks? You might even approach the first one you see after you have finished saying, "What a silly article." At least you can't say we did not have suggestions...

SIGNS AND SYMPTOMS

(A Weekly Analysis by)
MIKE ROWSCOPE

Once again in the turbulent history of the University campus the students at large have come perilously close to displaying an incapacity for self-government. In the recently held and more recently disqualified class elections, not only was there a distinct lack of leaders slated, but even these failed to draw the proper response and enthusiasm that one thinks would become a body of more than one thousand five hundred individuals. This fact was conclusively proven in the actions of a certain faculty which, albeit erroneously, is generally considered to display the greater degree of class spirit in such affairs. The aforementioned faculty, through their representatives, have made it clear that although they were unable to handle even their preparatory moves efficiently, they desire to be invested with the control of the various classes involved by running a complete slate in the forthcoming re-elections.

The Medical Undergraduate Society in a recent executive meet considered it a propitious moment, under the circumstances, to alter their past faculty attitude. Their policy heretofore can best be described as that of allowing other faculties to carry the weight of campus leadership because of the pressure on medical students as a whole. However, because of the circumstances mentioned above, M. U. S. has decided to play a more active part in the executive field, and has thus drawn up a list of candidates who are considered to be amply provided with the sincere interest and capabilities necessary to once again place this democratic institution on an efficient and productive basis.

Bill Prowse, M.U.S. candidate for president of the Senior Class, is well

known to the campus at large. In such a contest he will be recognized as one decidedly capable of handling the responsibilities involved.

Miss Flo Brent, a fifth year Med. and with a record well won in dramatics, possesses qualities equally important in the capacity of vice-president of the Senior Class. Her mental energy will be extremely valuable in determining the efficiency of the senior executive.

The secretary-treasurer in the person of Bob Pow, the executive slate comprised of Peggy O'Meara, Matt Davis, Jack Staple (Medicine), and Bill McPhail (Dentistry), have all been carefully selected. They in turn have volunteered with an enthusiasm that well bespeaks the desire of M.U.S. to do its utmost in elevating student spirit from the lowest level it has yet reached to one more becoming the sampling ground of our community's and our country's future leaders.

This column bows respectfully to the onslaught of Sadie Hawkins' Week, and for that reason has only this to say in conclusion. We disdainfully draw attention to the column "Slide Rule Slants" (it is believed, by the way, that this is the only way that they ever will receive attention). The reporter is evidently alone responsible for the contents of said column, and to him we say, "The remarks you make re Signs and Symptoms are only un-informed analysis, and as such casts no reflections on the dubious quality of the usual dribble (drivel?) that emanates from the slide-rule labs." We ignore you.

Meds! Sadie Hawkins' Week is Oct. 28 to Nov. 2 and the Med Banquet is Saturday, Nov. 16, to Sunday, Nov. 17. Are you willin'?

Chemistry Professor Outlines Experiment to Trap a Man

Sadie alighted from her nag today and looked over the U. of A. campus. She immediately saw that this hunting ground was teeming with a peculiar species of humanity. With true scientific mind, she loaded her shootin' iron, bagged a sample and hauled it to the laboratory for immediate analysis. Into her lab-book she wrote a report which we reproduce.

Experiment No. xxxmyz.
Subject—U. of A. Man.
Occurrence—Occurs in Athabaska, Assiniboia, St. Stephen's, St. Joseph's, Little Tuck and Big Tuck. Generally found in state of inertia covered by dense clouds of blue haze. Species is very abundant in free state and occurs as one of three allotropes—Engineers, Meds and Ags. Each allotrope has special characteristics, and as a rule is opposed to one of a different group. There are rare specimens of other allotropes which, from a practical viewpoint, are unimportant.

Extraction—Man be extracted from his native inertia by a strong stimulus such as a pretty girl, an army officer or the smell of fried bacon. In some samples, all three are necessary.

Properties:
1. Species reacts with woman to form a compound—marriage. This reaction will not go to completion without a catalyst. Love is the best of these, but the reaction will often occur in the presence of abundance of Au. Theoretically, this compound cannot be broken up, but practically, it has been found to disintegrate if friction is applied, or if a member higher in the series replaces the male forming the compound.
2. Species both in combined and uncombined state has a great affinity for Au.

3. Older members of species always explode before breakfast in the morning.
4. All members of species are magnetically attracted by bits of fluff, covered with triplumbic tetroxide (Pb3O4) and CCO3 (chalk).
5. Species is soluble in ethyl alcohol in all proportions and partially soluble in nicotine. When dissolved in large quantities of C2H5OH (alcohol) species was found to have "a red nose, a white liver, a yellow streak, a dark brown breath and a blue outlook." The Engineer allo-

trope was found to absorb great quantities of the solvent before it finally dissolved.

6. When treated with judicious flattery upper part of anatomy swells extensively, and once swollen is extremely difficult to deflate.

7. When reacting to form a compound it does so with a valence of one. Occasionally a bivalent compound is formed (bigamy), but it is found to be unstable and highly explosive.

8. Species must always be handled with extreme caution. A very young member will give best results if loved a little, fed a little and spanked a lot; an older member should be scolded a little, loved a little, and fed a lot.

9. Of the three imp. allotropes, Engineers are found to be the best, being the most energetic, the most daring and the least lacking in funny-bone and back-bone. Amen.

S.C.M. Fireside At Long Home

The first S.C.M. fireside of the term will be held at 8 p.m. Wednesday, October 30, at the residence of Professor and Mrs. H. M. Long, 11615 Saskatchewan Drive. Mr. Hugh MacMillan, National Secretary of the S.C.M. will be present to participate in the discussion and to address the gathering.

The question, "Shall the S.M.C. remain affiliated as a national unit with the National Youth Congress" will be discussed. A representative of the Edmonton Youth Council and a representative of the S.C.M. will set forth both sides of the question. This matter of affiliation will be decided in a nation-wide vote in which each S.C.M. unit casts one ballot.

The local executive wishes to know the feeling of the group before making its decision. Since the withdrawal of a number of organizations from the National Youth Congress, it has been questioned whether the "Congress" is still representative of the youth of Canada.

Sing-song will be led by Nellie Coyle. Lunch will be served. Come, Sadie, and bring your date along.

SADIE GETS HER MAN!

Dogging the heels of prominent men about the campus, little Sadie Hawkins resisted temptation so far as to ask—no, not for a date in Tuck, or for the Sadie Hawkins dance—but a question, "Can you suggest any new methods by which Sadie might more easily get her man?" Although the answers were many and varied, some weird and wonderful thoughts arose. We did find out, however, that Sadie will find a very anxious and hopeful voice at the end of the line if she calls up that certain male.

Here are a few of the suggestions extended:

Tall, dark, Li'l Abner type—"They've got too many methods as far as it is. As far as I'm concerned, I'm more interested in handing them a line."

Young Freshie—"Have lassoing, or buckshot. That should snare 'em."

Handsome Army Officer—"Sadie could catch them more easily after drill. This was discovered after a chase up three flights of stairs. Preserve me from all Sadies."

Man About Town—"I'm depending entirely upon my masculine attractions."

Woeful Willy—"Say, do you think anyone will ask me? Gosh, oh gee, what'll I say if some dame does ask me?"

Aggie—"Flowers and candy when she calls, dancing at the best club

in town, a good-night kiss, and she's got me." Blonde Blue-eyed Engineer—"All I ask is Sadie herself and a stroll in the moonlight. Don't rush, girls." This one defies classification—"Say, this is good enough for me. How about it?" (But Sadie wasn't willing.) Voice of Experience—"I've never felt so foolish in all my life. Every time I come to a door I want to swear (cuss, cuss). And the way the girls yank you out of your raiments—after all, we aren't sewn into 'em. Feel like a mountain waiting at the table for the drinks to arrive. Well, if the girls can stand it, so can we."

During Sadie Hawkins' Week

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Stripes Are in Girls

WE'RE OPTIMISTIC

On Friday evening, October 25, Clarke Stadium was the setting of a picturesque rugby game. The lights that flooded the setting served to accentuate the charm and elegance of the gala array which the players made as they appeared on the scene.

The boys were most fittingly garbed in their respective uniforms. The Golden Bears looked charming in their knickerbockers of sandy brown and the latest "Sloppy Joe's" sweaters

of Nile green and sunflower gold. The real highlights, however, were the dashing and bizarre helmets worn by a few of the E.A.C. contestants. They were of the newest shade of "Fireman Red," undoubtedly inspired by the fire fighting squads of the Old Country.

Anyone who was on his toes at all would have noticed a few of the artistic touches carried out by some of the players. Don Johnston struck a new note when he appeared on the field with three charming draped strips of tape falling in graceful lines from thigh to knee. The latest tape, of course, from the famous and exclusive New York house of Johnston and Johnston.

Bob Freeze was a rugby prodigy in the latest fashion highlight, namely, tape around the ankles coming up in a graceful sweep just below the calves. During the game Grisdale, whom Venus gave a curvilinear figure, surprised the group by stepping out of his own decorous self and tripping gaily down the field with his right hand placed daintily on his hip and his left firmly grasping the oval of brown calfskin, said article having the usual eight seams, but laced, oh so smartly, up one side.

Baker was very dashing in his togs. From reported heard in the audience he's been "freshening up" on his method of attack on the rugby field and elsewhere, and should be ready to slide into action at any time.

While the stellar performance of Johnston, McCallum and Freeze was in a class by itself, there remains no doubt that the outstanding man on the field was the graceful, 28-inch waisted (get that girls) sub-trainer, Shortliffe. With soothing regularity he tripped from one end of the players bench to the other, seeing thoughtfully to everyone's needs. We wish there were more like him.

Placed at one end of the field was a big board with numbers on it, 42 in one place and 0 in the other. Just what these figures meant will probably be reached by the research made by Sadie, who already has written a letter to the caretaker of Clarke Stadium protesting the obstruction to the clear view (unfortunately not smell) of the Packing Plant.

We are real proud of our boys, though. We understand that they won the game, and even if it was luck as we always say—"It's the end (not Grisdale) that counts!"

STOP!

LOOK!

LISTEN!

Dedication of this page to women's sports. After all, we're the ones that count around this place this week.

Turnouts for women's basketball are top rate this year. We will have to have a good team—the competition from overtown promises to be something. Then there is always the chance of intercollegiate sport.

A revolution is taking place in women's sports when twenty-five girls promise to try hard in a Sadie Hawkins race slated for half-time in the rugby game Saturday afternoon. Such enthusiasm speaks well for the boys, or should we say the Engineers.

It seems that there are two boys around this place who rate high in archery. But speaking of archery, at a meeting held last Wednesday the girls elected Blanche Wallace as president, succeeding Betty Ross.

We hate to mention it, but criticism about the unattractiveness of girls in sport may be reversed. It's no pleasure to look at a bashed physiognomy—and we don't feel a rugby win is worth it.

No objections have been made as to the suggestion of the girls taking over activities during Sadie Hawkins' Week, with the exception of the marching. Pavement is too tough on high heels.

It has been rumored around that Jack Pulse-Appeal Parks is afraid of his job. Just goes to prove the efficiency of women sports reporters. After all his blowing off, we're out to do him dirt, and all letters of recommendation will be deeply appreciated.

Just to mention some unimportant facts in the sporting world. Varsity boys managed to eke out a win over E.A.C.'s Friday night with a 42-0 score. Engineers swamped the Aggies 5 to 1 in an interfac game Saturday afternoon. It might have been due to bad coaching on the part of the Aggies. After all, a twenty-five yard penalty is nothing to be sneezed at. We don't know yet the score of the soccer game on Saturday. Reporters seemed to find the spectators more interesting than, to quote: "Those silly boys in short pants kicking around a stream-lined rugby ball." It's an amazing fact that they know what a rugby ball is.

Steve Loses; Nets To Joe!

A conquest was made by the St. Joe's boys on Sunday afternoon when they wiped St. Stephen's off the map in a hectic basketball game. This was the first game between the two colleges for some years, and we hope that the boys will show an active interest in many more games. High scorer of the game was Freshman R. Dumont, who collected 12 points. Congratulations are in order for the players of both teams, and in case any of you Sadies are interested, we are printing the lineups.

St. Joe's—Dumont; Dumont; Dumont; Sereda; Shrader; Kelly; Dembickie; Dougan.

St. Steve's—La Rue; La Fleur; Carr; Elves; Allen; Patching; Sobry; Elliot.

Outdoor Club Suggests Dance

Outdoor Club Plans Big Dance
BIG DANCE HELD

The She-Ski Club of the University of Alberta thought that others might think that a dance would be fun. Do you?

Anyway, they are not waiting to find out whether you do or not—they have decided that you will, so they are having one. The president of the club, You Know Who, has made arrangements to hold a hop You Know Where. The time is You Know When, and the orchestra is You Know Whose. It is hoped that a large turnout will result from this notice.

An amazing program has been planned You Know How, and it promises to be a real bang-up affair. There will be a short skit by three young gals, but it may be carried out without an audience, as said girls suffer dreadfully from stage fright. We are so sorry that you will miss it. A song and dance number by a shy co-ed is not to be shown. A recital of foreign music of the twenty-first century should be ready by 2001 A.D.

The She-Ski Club cabin, consisting of four rooms and a bath, has not been built yet, but is expected to be soon in the very near future. A committee consisting of four girls whose names would really surprise you if we decided to print them, which we haven't has been appointed, but they have not found anything to do as yet. If you have any suggestions to make this affair bigger and better than it has ever been, which is hasn't, we of the She-Ski Club will be glad to accept them for Tuesday's Garbage Wagon.

Blood Flowed In Streams And Us Without Spoons

Will Mamma Get Her Beer Money?

TUNE IN AGAIN!

We the fem. reporters are writing up the most interesting game of the season—the Ag-Engineer pitched battle at the grid. (So original having it at the grid.) We were going to comment on some of the interesting aspects of the game from a spectator's viewpoint. However, due to the lack of spectators, we will ad lib ourselves (which is a bad thing).

To start in, our first complaint is the awful language used. To quote: "Hit 'em, smear 'em" and others too terrible to print. Then the fact that they use rouge is nothing in their favor. They gave a penalty for "high hugging" (never thought there was a penalty for that). A thing that puzzled us was the pig-latin used. For example, "hiv. hike" instead of "please give me that ball." They do side-track the curves.

For a closed mouth coach the Aggie man certainly brought a man-sized penalty to his team. We suggest that in future he use sign language.

At this stage we became very bored because all that happened was a nose-bleed—no broken bones. So we engaged in conversation with a few Aggies. (It was the sweaters that got us.) Being the only fems present, we had no competition—our popularity couldn't have been due to S.H., could it?

After a solemn promise from the Agricultural boys that the score wouldn't change (need we tell you that the score was 1-0 for the farmers?), we went to watch the soccer game. But they broke something. When we returned a good-looking Engineer picked up the ball and ran all the way down the field—we think it's about 150 yards—to hide it behind the goal-post. He was sorta dumb, because just 30 yards the other way was a much nicer set of posts. But that's a bunch of men for you.

The only comments on the game by the three reporters that wandered in at half-time were about the weather. Why anyone is or would be interested in scores of rugby games we don't know—but it was 5-1. The Engineers won, you know.

Beer, Beer, Beer Malt, Malt, Malt

Engineers Skin Meds at Rugby
MEDS LOSE

It seems as though training on forty malt extracts works O.K. for the Engineers when they play their traditional rivals, the Meds. They may need something more than malt when they play the other teams in the league if they want to keep up the 11-0 victory they hung on the Meds Tuesday.

The Engineers, with seemingly no end of reserves, had just too much power for the Meds, who had difficulty dressing a full team. It appears the Meds are slipping when they don't all turn out for a whack at their old enemies, the slide and rule men.

First score in the game came when George McIntosh skirted right end from the ten-yard stripe to go over standing up. The major score came after a swift and easily executed march that started as soon as the opening whistle blew. Second score came in the third quarter when they recovered a fumbled kick behind the Meds' goal line. Webb passed to McIntosh for the extra point. The Engineers were in Med territory throughout the game, and the final score is a good indication of play.

Steel Pie Plate Contest Feature Girls Field Day

Doris Danner Toothpick Star
FOXLEE BROKE

Very poor season for the scanty clads who wear those queer shoes with nails on the bottom. In the Ladies' Track some very fine exponents of this primitive art were brought to light. In the foot races, where all the competitors go through a phase of ditch digging, dancing and intricate contortions at the start, Kay Lind was outstanding. She stayed inside the white boundaries all the way down the patch and touched the wool (which should be used for knitting) at the end before any girl, and I think was permitted to keep it.

In the contest, where they use the huge toothpick, Doris Danner was best. It is rather an aimless event because no one hit anything at all.

Very interesting was the steel pie plate contest, in which Anna Kapascinski proved outstanding. This event is somewhat the same as throwing a rolling pin.

The Normal School girls gathered with the Alberta co-eds for a match, and after a morning of throwing funny weapons, imitating kangaroos and running without being chased, Alberta had 42 marks and Normal 40.

In the men's section there was an event where the contestant tried to balance a pole in a hole then climb it. Jim Herriger won this by falling down from 9 feet 6 inches.

Best game the men played was lie-flat-over-the-bar, where each one tried to outdo the other in performing queer contortions in a sand pit. Herringer won, falling hardest from 5 feet 5 inches. Bradshaw and Compton were outstanding in the propelling contest for 660 feet. Compton chased Bradshaw over the end line, so Bradshaw won. He also won the 300 feet run.

Big Frank Foxlee broke the men's toothpick, or spear, or what have you, so was unable to throw. He is an outstanding prospect, but should be, as he has the advantage of coming from a primitive community where throwing-weapons are still used in hunting.

Though this type of activity is at a low ebb at Alberta, we are sure that the runners, jumpers and throwers will come into their own, and we are looking forward to a much better season next year.

Covered My Assignment; All This and H— Too!

Covered a soccer game Saturday p.m.—jolly game that. Must confess my complete ignorance of the rules and so on. Know that they use a round sort of ball and knock it around with either feet or head. Makes little difference, you know.

Don't even know who won, not even the score, but it was a jolly game. Very virile boys participating. Full of energy no end, running around over simply miles of ground. Sad lack of spectators—no doubt due to bad advertising—no doubt due to lack of efficiency on the part of the Sports Editor.

Did we mention that the game was between Scona and Varsity?

SPIKED SHOE CLUB

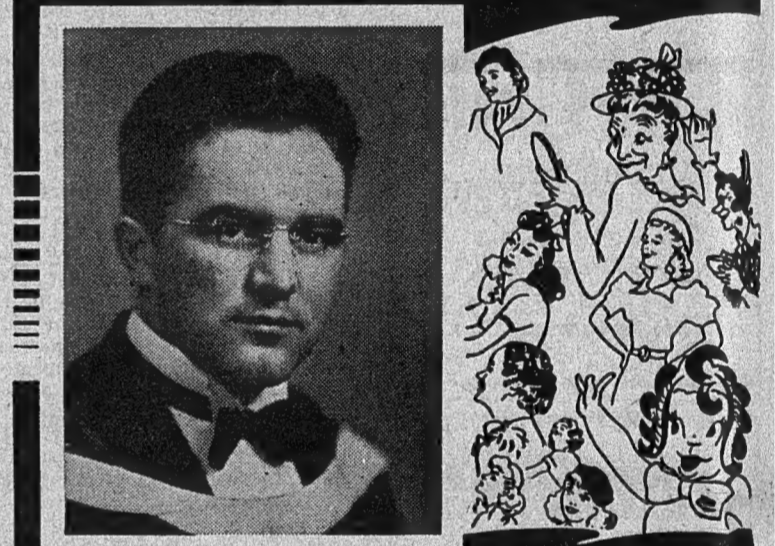
Meeting has been called to begin at 7:30 p.m., Tuesday, in Med 139.

All track and field enthusiasts regardless of whether they competed on Varsity's team or not, are invited to attend.

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"CLIMBING HIGH," with Jessie Mathews

Theatre Directory

PRINCESS—Wed., Thurs., Fri., Oct. 30, 31, Nov. 1—Carole Landis in "One Million B.C." and Warren William in "The Lone Wolf Strikes."

STRAND—Tues., Wed., Thurs., Oct. 29, 30, 31—Bette Davis and Charles Boyer in "All This and Heaven Too."

EMPRESS—Wed., Thurs., Fri., Oct. 30, 31, Nov. 1—Peter Lorre in "The Stranger on the Third Floor," and Ann Southern in "Dulcy."

CAPITOL—Now to Friday—Cecil B. DeMille's "North-West Mounted Police."

RIALTO—Now until Friday—Rosalind Russell, Brian Aherne and Virginia Bruce in "Hired Wife."

GARNEAU—Tues., Wed.—"Young Dr. Kildare" and "Within the Law"; Thurs. to Sat., "Climbing High" and "Scandal Sheet."

VARSCONA—Wed., Thurs.—"The Tower of London" with Basil Rathbone and Boris Karloff, and "Honeymoon Deferred" with Edmund Lowe.

STUDENTS...

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